

JOLLY JACK THE ROVER

Here I am one, and still will be,
Who spend their days in pleasure,
The tailor's bill is seldom filled,
For he's never took my measure.

It must be while I do live,
And I must not give over,
Until old age doth me engage,
From being a jolly rover.

It's on my vamps I take my tramps,
My shoes being in a bad order,
My stockings down unto the ground,
For I seldom wears a garter.

It must be while I do live, &c.

If I should dress up in fine clothes,
The ladies would adore me,
The fops of beaux that wear fine clothes,
They think to go before me.

It must be while I do live, &c.

It's I can play at cards and dice,
Let me be drunk or sober,
Win or lose I'll have my dues,
For I'm Jolly Jack, the Rover.

It must be while I do live, &c.

Three tons of wool through a comb I pull,
All in the neatest order,
As white as milk and soft as silk,
To please the farmer's daughter.

When my work's done and finished off,
I'll take it to the owner,
I have no doubt that she's found out,
That I'm Jolly Jack, the Rover.

When I am old, if I have gold,
I'll set down by my table,
With you, my dear, I'll toast good beer,
And drink while I am able.

When my work's done, &c.

When I am dead and in my grave,
It's then I must give over,
Let each jolly lass fill a parting glass,
And drink a health to Jack, the Rover.

When my work's done, &c.

THOMAS M. SCROGGY, Publisher,
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